



The Blades Edge



assassin

👁 131 ✓ 10 ★ 13

Chapter 1 by aladrew07

Your hands tremble as you run across the roof top, trying to stay focused you run forward. You don't know what's going to happen when you reach her, just that it's going to be hard but for all of this cash how can you refuse. You reach the end of the roof top, you don't even think about it, as if muscle memory, you sprawl forward into a jump to reach her balcony. Your heart stops for a moment until you land. You land on 2 feet and feel better, jumps were never your strong suit. You pull up your hood and mask, draw your blade and prepare for what happens next.

Chapter 2 by Daniel Le Jeune



As quietly as possible, you open the door to her room. Years of being an assassin has trained your ears to hear the sneeze of a mouse.

As you walk, you take in your surroundings, but that's just a habit. You've been here before on multiple occasions and you know this. But focusing on small things take your mind off the task ahead.

You walk down a flight of stairs. through a door which leads onto a courtyard. Her room is the one straight up in front of you. You know you could use your bow, but the message had been clear. "Get close and use a knife". See more of Story Wars

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take a deep breath. You climb through the window.

There she lies. You lift up your dagger and pause.

Chapter 3 by Avathon



There she lies on satin sheets, still wearing her dress as she just got back from the prince's mansion.

"You came all this way just to kil..."

You close her mouth with your palm, letting her say no more. You don't care about what she says, but you can't risk her yelling at her guards. Then, you reach the grip of your dagger and pull it out, ready to end your contract.

They usually shed tears or bulge their eyes, but she remained calm, stretching her hand, pointing with her index the other side of the room.

You look and you see upon a table a scroll of parchment with a dip pen next to it. You gently let loose of her mouth and focus your eyes on the scroll. It is clear that the scroll is written and signed with a red seal.

"Go on Assassin, read that, it highly concerns you if you want my humble opinion and it would be wiser to read it before I exhale my last breath." the lady proposed with a gentle voice that hid a hint of sarcasm.

You step towards the scroll...

"Dear Commander of the Geneva Guard,

The shipment is ready and waits my order to be loaded on the ships and be sent to the target destination.

The port's custom officer will not stand as a problem for much longer.

She will be found stabbed in her home hallway after a long feast. Her fiancé will be drunk and be found to wander around the city. The prince flirting her will stand as the excuse for his crime of passion, all who were in his mansion will be able to witness it.

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When our scapegoat is caught by the local authorities, he will be poisoned at his cell, and his doctor will be bribed to tell about his illness that stood as the cause of his death.

As about the murderer, I will make sure that there will be no loose ends, by killing him when he returns to collect his contract."

After that, the operation may continue, with no further delay.

Until we meet again,
Kamaal al-Basa,
Damascus"

Chapter 4 by Fiona



(Not extremely graphic, but possibly disturbing.)

You sneer at the use of the word "murderer" and pause for only a moment to consider your choices. The assassin's guild will wish to know about this. A broken contract is a serious thing.

She watches you with wide eyes, sparkling even in the darkness. You are more interested in her hand, sliding back underneath her pillow, and her quiet intake of breath--just about the volume of the sneeze of a mouse.

You are on her before she can call out, or free the small, deadly knife from beneath her pillow. Your own knife slips in and out of her throat. You doubt she ever has the chance to feel the pain as the shine fades from those wide, lovely eyes. She looks surprised. She shouldn't be.

Precisely, almost tenderly, you blot away the blood from the incision with the edge of the sheet. You turn to retrieve the letter from the desk, slipping it into your bag. The guild masters will decide what to do about the broken contract. Then you carefully turn back to the bed, make sure your coverings are in place, and stab her violently a few times. She won't feel it, but this manner of death was in the contract. You need to obey the contract in order for the guild to

have full ability to go after your traitorous sender.

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assassins? No. You will lose any pursuit before you arrive at the guild. The rewards you will reap in reputation and gratitude from your superiors will be more than enough to compensate for the loss of the price promised by the sender.

You exit through the window after listening and looking carefully for any sign you might be ambushed. Silently, you swing onto the roof and, catlike, begin the journey back to the guild. The night air is refreshingly cool and your hands no longer shake.

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